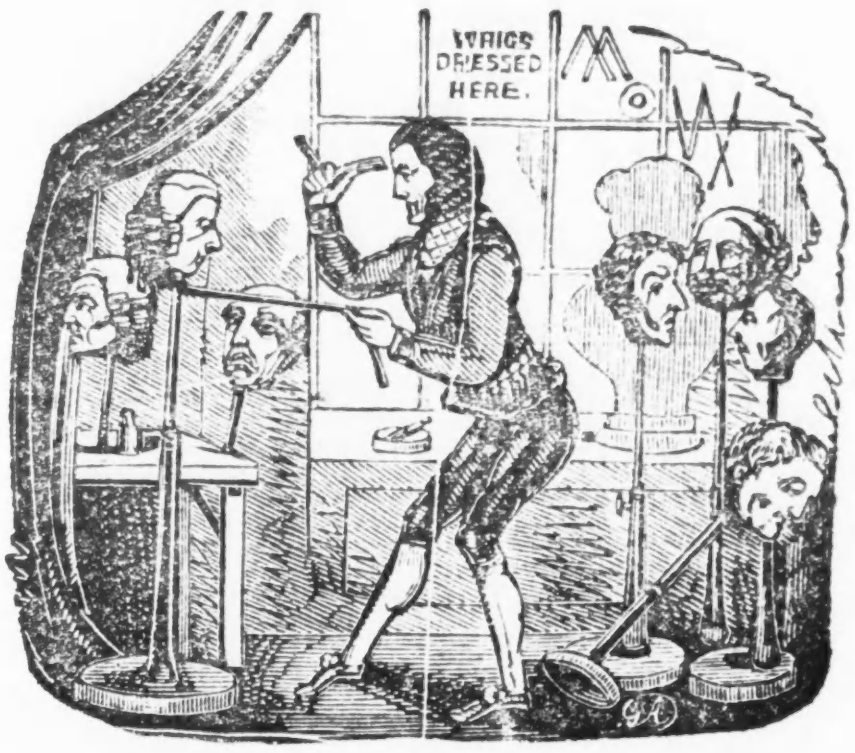
FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 280. SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1837. Price One Penny

STATE PAUPERS AND PARISH PAUPERS.

There are, it is well known, two distinct classes of paupers—the *state pauper* and the *actual pauper*. The former of these is a most singular beast, who wallows in the oil and fat of the land; and who, though living upon the public funds, has the impudence to affect to despise the name of charity. The state paupers we should not have the smallest objection to, if it were possible to put them on workhouse diet; though it would be indeed unreasonable to expect such useless animals to do any thing at all in character with workhouse regulations. It is remarkable to observe the difference of treatment pursued by the Whig Government towards a state pauper, on the one hand, and a parish pauper, on the other hand. For a description of this difference we refer proudly to our artist's *duplex* design, which pourtrays in separate compartments the two distinct scenes that await the two distinct beggars. The origin of state paupership is generally some act of disgusting and degrading servility to some power of the time being; and state paupership has occasionally sprung up from a royal bed, originating with the mistress of some gracious and religious King, and being perpetuated in her respectable offspring. We, however, have nothing to do now with the origin of the rank weed of aristocratic beggars; we must confine ourselves to its effects. In the brilliant *tableau* before us is pourtrayed a pauper sprig of aristocratic beggary lolling on a couch, while Russell, in his most appropriate character of a Johnny, is handing to him all the luxuries and delicacies that Whig knavishness is always ready to bestow on Tory condescension. The state pauper is indulging in the luxury of a cigar, showing the smokiness of his disposition; while, by lying all along at full length, he seems to shew to what lengths he is ready to go in lying. Upon the other side is a democratic pauper; and here we must be permitted to borrow the words of Shakspeare, and say with him,

'Look on this picture, and on this!'

On the other side is a democratic pauper, in the shape of a poor old woman borne down by age and suffering, to whom the relieving officer (relieving from no relief, *lucus a non lucendo*) is offering the Whig allowance of a small stale loaf and a jug of water, which has the additional advantage of being dirty. The paupers, by the Whig Poor Law, possess the unusual privilege of '*dying and be d——d*,' which (that they may not complain of hard work) is all they have to do when once they get inside the workhouse. The option with the paupers seems to be, between being starved to death out of the workhouse in a quiet way, or being starved to death in the workhouse amid the noisy damns and harassing brutalities of municipal ferocity. A poor devil of a woman, a few

W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row.

days ago, positively preferred the quiet mode of dying in the streets to the alternative of having her last life blood sacrificed in a parochial jug of dirty water, and her last moments embittered by the ruffianism of gentlemen in cocked hats and leaden-headed staves,—themselves being leaden headed types of their own official *insignia*. We have a very strong desire to see the relative situations of the aristocratic pauper and the democratic pauper changed, if only for a brief period; and if we can be of any assistance in bringing about so desirable a consummation, the public may calculate upon our vote and interest.

BRUTAL MAGISTRATES.

Our attention has been called to the brutal conduct of some of the police magistrates, whose habits, running continually among the low thieves and prostitutes of London, seem to cause them to regard every individual that comes before them as belonging to that class. It is quite true that there are only two classes of mortals—those that have been hanged, and those that have not been hanged—but some of these magistrates seem to have a very strong disposition to re-classify the human race into those who have been hanged and those that deserve hanging. We do not object to this classification, as far as the police magistrates themselves are concerned, but we think they ought to be made most fully to comprehend that there are beings who deserve to be treated better than the thieves and vagabonds who usually come before them. We have been given to understand that Grove and Broughton have got so regularly into the knack of talking with the scum of the earth, that they fancy the whole world, themselves included, scum altogether. We shall, however, let these gentlemen know, that when it is the duty of respectable professional men to appear before these people, that it is their duty to behave respectably. If they don't mind their business, we will have these fellows dismissed for inattention. If Grove and Broughton have nothing else to do but seat themselves in one chair, while their legs condescend to occupy another, we shall see whether we can't compel the said legs to walk off the bench altogether.

THE MONEY SCARCITY.

Nothing can equal the scarcity of money, except the lack of it, which amounts to the same thing, and that is nothing. In all directions, people are going about trying to do without cash, and attempting to effect the most extensive sales and purchases without having, as we overheard a cabman call that small and inoffensive coin, a d—d halfpenny in their pockets This is something like a panic, and no mistake; and the little boys, who usually carried on their transactions in specie, are now driven to the expedient of tendering a considerable number of brass buttons in payment for portions of sweetstuff, &c. This, though a humble part of the panic, is still a part of it, and a very distressing one too; for it falls in a quarter where it is felt heavily, and affects juvenile speculation to an extent that is more than lamentable. The daily advertisements also give ample evidence of the general depression. People who advertise to take in boarders, address themselves to those who *require breakfast only*, which looks decidedly melancholy. Then, again, business looks odd. Advertisements appear for apprentices *to a light and ingenious profession*. This is nothing more nor less than pickpocketing. What is to become of us?

SCIENTIFIC MUMMERY.

Some nasty beasts met together on Saturday last to indulge in the disgusting amusement of *unrolling a mummy*. Our old friend Pettigrew, commonly called Mummy Pettigrew, was the principal unroller on this filthy occasion. Pettigrew seems positively to do nothing else but unroll mummies; and, whenever the dirty process is to be gone through, he is pitched upon as naturally as when nightwork is to be done one sends for the scavenger. Pettigrew positively glories in the unclean process, and pulls about the encrusted carcase with a fervour of purpose which may be scientific, but which is nevertheless nasty in the extreme. Our private opinion of the proceeding is, that it amounts to a public nuisance, and that Pettigrew, and the whole crew of Mummyites, strictly come under the 194th, Edward VI., which distinctly enacts, 'And lette noe manne make ye beaste of hymselfe.' This is a fine old black letter clause, which Pettigrew and Co. would do well to study. A considerable mob was in attendance to witness the offensive process, and Pettigrew, after fiddling about over the dried-up carcase, and picking a bit of the bandages here, and a bit off the skin there, and in turns confounding and disgusting the lookers on, then announced (in imitation of the man who shows Punch, when the hat has been handed round in vain for copper) that it was all over.

THE DISPATCH DINNER.

These gentlemen (Messrs. Harmer and Bell) got a dinner on Monday, and as their cram will possibly require a little working off, we have the greatest pleasure in administering a pill to them. There has been no report as yet of the proceedings, but we were present, and such a miserable set out never before was witnessed. Red-haired Smith, the editor, was there, and eat with a voracity that seemed to imply a shortness of commons for the fortnight previous. Dirty Cummings was also near the bottom of the table, and pitched into the viands with a ferocity that seemed to say his bread-and-cheese bribes had not been so liberally bestowed as heretofore. Harmer made a long speech about pills and boluses, but the most nauseous bolus of all was to be forced to listen to it. Red-haired Smith, towards the close of the evening, got sentimental, and struck for an advance of salary. Harmer, though he got excessively pleasant, not to say cozey, over the rum shrub, would by no means stand an advance of salary to red-haired Smith; and, as to Dirty Cummings, he was under the table long before the dessert was half over. We strongly recommend these people to try 40 of number one for the next week, and to follow it up with 150 of number two for the next fortnight: but we forgot that *number one* is the extent of what they ever think of.

A SINGER IN A MESS.

An advertisement in Tuesday's *Times* suggests to a Mr. Levasseur the expediency of removing his trunks from an hotel in Leicester-square, or they might be sold to pay his bill. By this, it is quite clear that Levasseur (who is the well-known opera singer) is out of an engagement, or, more probably, that he has entered into one with his landlord, which he declines fulfilling. This is cool, to put the mildest construction upon it. Levasseur, who is a *bass* singer, seems also to be a *bass* lodging-house victimiser. The singer seems to understand running up the *scores* perfectly well, and, by the long time he has been absent on *this account*, shews that he is up to the science of *intervals*.

THE WESTMINSTER MEMBER.

Old Burdett has been guilty of one of the grossest cases of political MURDER AND MUTILATION, that was ever known in this, or in any other country. He commits political suicide upon himself, and

then *cuts himself off* from all honest men. The representation of the country, is by him, *deprived of a member*, which we think establishes the case of MUTILATION against him. A few of the electors, consisting of dear De Vere, patriotic Pouncey, Father Prout, and some others, running up cockerically to twenty-six, met together to know what they were to do with Burdett. Dear De Vere rebutted an insinuation that nobody threw out, Pouncey pounced upon the press generally, for quizzing him, poor fellow, as if the press ever thought about him, and the whole twenty-six did nothing more than get their supper an hour later than usual, by busying themselves about their representative. These are not the men to do it. Had the thing been generally taken up by the more intelligent liberals, it would have had some effect, but as it is, up to a late hour last night, '*No catchy, no havy*,' was the only reply they had been honoured with from *Old Glory*. Upon *our* remonstrating, he sent us the following melody :—

AIR.—*Oh, no we never mention her.*

I beg you'll never mention it,
Nor let its name be heard;
I do request you will not speak—
The very awkward word.
From point to point they hurry me,
To get me in a line—
And when they've got me in a mess,
They think that I'll resign.

They bid me tell them what I mean,
'Tis precious hard, d'ye see,
And when I'm really forc'd to speak,
They find great change in me.
'Tis true that I am growing old,
But that's no fault of mine—
But, oh, they're out indeed, who think
They'll get me to resign.

BREVITIES.

A Stumbling Block.

Of all the difficulties that beset the Whigs, the *Hill* in the neighbourhood of the War Office, is the most difficult thing to be *got over*.

A Bad Prospect.

Many of the theatrical managers are complaining of *bad houses*. They cannot have been half so bad as the Lords and Commons.

A New Pier Glass.

Mr. Carpenter, in his excellent *Peerage for the People*, has forgotten to give the true origin of the *Somersets*. The first *Somerset* was when Noah tumbled head over heels in the ark; but the noble family we allude to, took its rise from a clown who used to attend fairs, and whom Charles the Second in a facetious mode christened the Duke of *Somerset*, owing to his peculiar knack of throwing *somersets*.

A Jack in Office.

A person applied the other day upon business at the Mint, when a seventy pound per annum clerk, took it into his head,(which being empty, there was plenty of room,) to be insolent. 'Upon my soul,' said the offended gentleman, 'this is truly the Mint, for I see you deal in nothing else but *Mint sauce* and *bulli-on (bullying.)*

Smoking the House.

A few nights since, the House began talking about tobacco, and an honourable member called for *returns*. Mr. Hume was favourable to *short cut*.

Fashionable Swearing.

There is a lady in the fashionable world whose name, to our great horror, is never used without an imprecation immediately following it, which is quite shocking to nerves of the delicate texture and sensibility of ours. We allude to the Honourable Mrs. Dawson *Damer!—Why damn her?* Can they not say the Honourable Mrs. Dawson without the oath?

A Pointed Brevity.

Some people complain that so great and so equal is the turpitude both of Whigs and Tories, that there is not a pins difference between them. To compare them to *pins* is quite a mistake, for neither party seems to have much *head*, or to show any *point* whatever in its arguments.

An Awkward Hill.

'How are we to get rid of Hill?' is the imbecile enquiry of the irresolute Whig Ministers. We know a plan that we think would answer. It is now all the fashion to *tunnelise* hills,—at least, such is the plan of rail-road speculators; might they not take a hint from them, and *run him through?*

THEATRICALS.

The Opera season commenced in good earnest on Saturday last, when the delicious quartette performances of Rubini, Lablache, Tamburini, and Grisi, were resumed in the opera of 'I Puritani.' Grisi was hoarse, and amused herself with spitting into the orchestra, and Mori being anxious to catch her eye, was so amiably intent upon every thing that fell from her mouth, that he caught rather more than he wanted. The prima donna sang enchantingly, and hawked disgustingly. She divided herself between warbling and expectorating, through the whole night; but it was Grisi—and there were some who affected to find a certain divinity in her throat clearing. For our parts, we like her better as the nightingale, than as the *hawk*. Lablache rolled majestically in, like a sugar cask into a grocer's shop, and the moment he opened his mouth the musical artillery of his voice poured forth with amazing power. In Barnett's opera a *canon* is sung by several voices; but Lablache is a *singing canon* in himself. Rubini was, perhaps, more delicate than ever in his singing, and was warmly greeted. The respectable Tamburini likewise came in for a due share of the general enthusiasm. Miss Fanny Wyndham was unable to sing a note; whether it was the company she was in, frightened her, or from some other cause, she reminded us of one of those canary birds one sees in the streets, with only one note, and which birds we are politely invited to pay for in old pairs of breeches, and sundry other discarded articles of wardrobe. We now no longer vote the opera a bore, and we nightly resort to our box, where our *bones* may be seen lounging in due magnificence. We have had 'Norma,' during the week, which brought an *E-Norma's* house.

Though we were among those few just appreciators of genius, who gave Mrs. Wood credit last week for her triumph in the character of 'La Sonnambula,' yet we are this week compelled to say that in the 'Maid of Artois' she has lessened her reputation, rather than added to it. We however, do not join in the common cry of curs, that has been raised against her for attempting the part, but we do regret that she has not sustained in it her very high reputation. There are, however, many reasons for this, one of the principal of which is, that the opera in itself is so thoroughly bad, that no artist, however great, can create an impression in it Malibran did, to a certain extent, succeed in achieving this, but then *she* was an exception to all others, and it can scarcely be called dirhonourable even for Mrs. Wood to fail where Malibran has succeeded. We think it almost ill-judged of Bunn to revive this 'Maid of Artois,' for even with its great original caste, it by no means answered his expectations, and it was not continued even to the end of poor Malibran's very short engagement. We know that Balfe did it in a hurry, but we are given to understand that his 'Lady Jane Grey,' will surpass any modern opera. We look anxiously for it, since Barnett's 'Fair Rosamond,' has been altogether a very unfortunate production. Its tiresome heaviness, and the wearisome absence of melody that it displays, has prevented, and ever will prevent it from becoming popular. Bunn's benefit was a literal overflow. There was not a place to be had, though the prices were raised, and we understaud, that for some of the stalls, three, or four times their nominal price, was given. With all his faults, we were glad that poor Bunn's benefit was a bumper.

The French Plays have turned out to be one of the most miserable of all existing miserable speculations. We understand, in fact we see, for we are at one or other theatre every night, that the business is every where wretched, but nothing comes up to, or rather nothing sinks down to the level of truly awful misery at which the French Plays stand. Literally the other night we saw no one in the house, and we were expecting every moment a man to come and say, 'Sir, we shall not act to night.'

We dare say this would have been the case, but perhaps, the administration had spent the five shillings we paid for our stall in entering, and probably it was not practicable, to say nothing about convenient, to pay it back again

That unfortunate building—the Queen's Theatre, has re-opened under *new management*, a point, we should think, of strong interest to the public house at the corner, as well as to the victim who generally supplies the colours for scene painting. There is, however, something going on, not in a small way, if we are to judge from a wood cut that has been issued by the *new* management. In this rude specimen of the graver's art, we are introduced to a gentleman with a beard down to his toes, hanging by one leg to a piece of grundsell, growing out of a huge black rock, beneath which is a sharp pointed stone, which seems resolutely waiting to impale his skull when it shall please the aforesaid piece of grundsell to let him tumble. In the back ground is a perspective, showing several miles of practicable mountains, to give a just idea of the fourteen feet deep stage of the Queen's Theatre. In the fore ground are two women, much larger than the rocks, the suspended gentleman, and the awful chasm, all put together; which said females are regarding the awful situation of the male, with a nonchalance and calmness fully warranted by the fact, that their mouths alone are large enough to admit of the gentleman finding an asylum in either of them. If this is rather out of *drawing*, it is intended to *draw*, and we hope it may. There certainly is a great deal of tempting unmakeoutableness about it, (and what may, perhaps, add to the beautiful intricacy of the plot,) it is quite certain that after seeing it, there will be no unravelling it Beneath this magnificent tableau, are the words—DECIDED HIT, and under this inscription is another, consisting of the words—MR. MOSS. We presume from this, that Mr. Moss is the gentleman hanging to the grundsell; but whether the words—Decided Hit, allude to the effect of his performance, or to the probable intimacy of his skull with the pointed rock below, is a question we will not stop to argue. We would advise all who delight in hieroglyphics to peruse the picture we allude to, and then go to the Queen's for the solution.

A few nights ago upon our order being presented at the door of the Norton Folgate Theatre, a gentleman who employs his leisure in taking the money (what there is of it) at the box door of the establishment stated, after his own peculiar flourish, that the Orders of FIGARO were not to entitle the holder of them to admission within the building. After the gentleman, who seems to luxuriate in a partial sinecure, had dislodged from his nook to talk the matter over, and had shown himself as a good servant should, very properly sore, at the concern being depreciated, the matter dropped by the party retiring, and leaving the pieces to be gone through with one less in the audience, which, in the present state of their houses, must have made a defalcation comparatively serious. Now we only notice all this for the sake of telling Mr. Cockletop, or Cockerton, in a friendly way, that he is a very silly fellow, and will do himself no good by stopping the Orders of that part of the press which gives him good advice, and speaks the plain truth to him. Now he cannot, for a moment, suppose that his Order makes half a hair's breadth difference to us, for certainly once per annum is the greatest possible number of times that we could, consistently with more important claims upon our presence, favour the Norton Folgate concern with a personal visit. But we do not wish to be thought spiteful or illiberal to a new concern, and we therefore request (not Cockerton, for he seems past recovery, but) the public, just to refer to our last number, and see *how* we spoke of it in our last number, and see whether we have not most correctly and forbearingly treated the company and the performances at the City establishment. Cockerton makes a very bad beginning indeed, if he thinks he can open a theatre with a disgracefully weak company, and then cut off the press for telling him so. Pooh, pooh! Cockerton, you must go to school again; that is, if you have ever yet been there.

We have to acknowledge some tickets for a masquerade of a Mr. Blake, which was quite as amusing, and more respectable, than these things generally are. We also received admissions for the benefit of Mr. Elliason, at the St. James's Theatre, of which we availed ourselves. His entertainment was well chosen. A Mr. Burnett, whom we saw on the occasion in an act of the 'Village Coquettes,' gives promise. Had he appeared in any but one of Braham's parts he might have appeared to still more advantage; as it was, he was quite successful.

Sadler's Wells, under the new management, is making rapid strides in public favor. On Monday we witnessed a pleasing little domestic drama, 'Cyril Woodbine,' effectively performed, to the satisfaction of a numerous and respectable auditory. Rogers' quaint delivery of what he had to utter elicited much applause, and he was ably supported by the other members of the company. The piece was announced for repetition by Mr. Pitt, who had been called for at its conclusion.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Epitaph on the Sweep, though good, just, and powerful, is not suitable to our pages. The space in our paper is as valuable, not to say as sacred, as that in Westminster Abbey; and it is quite out of the question to admit such a thing as an Epitaph on the Catharine Street Sweep; although it may be a very just one. Our pages must not be profaned by allusions to any thing so utterly worthless.

The Portraits of Messrs. FORREST, C. KEMBLE, and LISTON, Nos. 256, 267, 275, together with last week's Portrait of Mr. C. MATHEWS will continue on sale.—Orders received by all Booksellers.

With No. 284 will be ready (quarto size, price One Penny), a Splendid Portrait of MADAME VESTRIS in a popular character, forming No. 4 of FIGARO'S THEATRICAL GALLERY.

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